

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VI.

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There is a hell, but it is altogether of the heart.

Lucifer is the Hebrew name for the morning star.

There are said to be over thirty thousand "Saints."

There is a burning hell, but it is in the impure and vicious.

The difference between man and beast is this; Man is what he makes himself, while the beast is what he is by nature.

If there are any fallen angels, they fell while upon this earth.

No wicked man is happy in his crime—no sinful man enjoys his sins.

Covetousness destroys the principle of brotherly and neighborly love.

The four corner stones of Spiritualism are Light, Truth, Mercy, Charity.

A voluntary life of good is the only good: any other would be blind force.

With Spiritualists it is not "theirs will be," but "theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The doctrine of everlasting punishment is a thousand times more hellish than hell itself.

Annihilation would be a blessing in comparison to the orthodox ideas of immortality.

All truths, both spiritual and natural, harmonize. One truth cannot be opposed to another truth.

A deep, impenetrable gloom is always hanging between the evil minded and the celestial world.

God made man and man made hell and made it, too, contrary to the express command of his Creator.

All creation is a matter of growth; the moral creation of the soul, as well as the material growth of a tree.

A man may assume a virtue and thus deceive his friends, but on the Other Shore, "nothing is covered that shall not be revealed, nor hid that shall not be known."

The true, faithful Spiritualist labors with disinterested feelings and motives for the good and happiness of others.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, but giving your neighbor a bad name is not the kind of a "giver" that is meant.

Paul's theology was a compromise between Paganism and the Mosaic theory, but his philosophy was pure Spiritualism.

The brightness of the Spiritual era is upon the world and man is no longer obliged to look through the hazy gloom of doubt.

The kingdom of God is within you. Understand that Luke meant by the "kingdom of God," Light (spiritual), Mercy and Charity.

It is good to lift up the heart in prayer to God for his loving kindness, but the better way to do it is to hunt up the hungry and feed them.

The work of human redemption is in the hands of good spirits, but they must have our free and anxious aid; else they can do nothing for us.

Good spirits have no low ambition to gratify in teaching those in the earth life the way that leadeth to life everlasting in the Celestial Sphere.

Man is actuated by his ruling love, and his associates here are apt to be in sympathy with that love. His spirit associates are, beyond a doubt.

Let us remember that we are making heavens or hells every day, and the one or the other is our dwelling place here and surely will be in the Over There.

It is evident that there is a universal awakening on the subject of spiritual truth all over the land, as taught by the philosophy of Spiritualism.

The glories of the World of Spirits is dawning upon the earth, and light from the heaven of heavens is streaming in at the window of the soul of man.

The trouble, or rather one trouble, with our orthodox brethren is, they know nothing about spiritual resurrection. We believe resurrection of the body is what they are holding for.

Indulgences purchased by money help to shorten the term of purgatory, and in some cases to buy it off altogether, is one of the cunningly devised "beliefs" of the Roman Catholic clergy.

Lazarus, in refusing to make an effort to give Dives a drink of water exhibits a spirit of selfishness and meanness that should sink him very low in the estimation of all good people.

If we cultivate amiability, purity of thought, sincerity, truthfulness, honesty and charity we slowly become angels, and if we cultivate the opposite we slowly, but surely grow into devils.

The soul is the real man and the body is the semblance of the man. The body is no more responsible for the evil it does than is the boat for the direction it takes through the water when steered by the helmsman or driven by the wind.

According to the Catholic belief deceased saints may be invoked, and can accomplish, either directly or indirectly, what is required of them. The belief of Spiritualism is just the same, only they do not call their spirit helpers "saints."

The fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were remarkable for visions, and the third, fourth and fifth for miracles. The visions were substantially the same as our Mediums have, and the miracles correspond to the cures by magnetic healers in our day.

We do not pretend to deny that Spiritualism has professional teachers and laymen of the Parson Downs and Mrs. Tabor stripe; but they are few and far between, and do not disturb true Spiritualists any more than Dr. Downs' conduct disturbs the underlying principle of the Christ-idea in the Christian world.

The highest degree of moral excellence is attained by the process of spiritualization which is secured by the direct influence of good spirits, and the lowest depth of moral degradation is reached by the same process, only evil spirits are the influence. We ourselves determine which it shall be.

Epiktetos: Everything has two handles. By the one it can be easily carried; by the other, not at all. Thus, if your brother has injured you, do not take hold of this event on the side of the injury, for that handle will not support it, but take hold of it by the other, and say: "Well, he is my brother after all; we were brought up together in the same household."

Gluttony is a passion, and a most horrible one it is, too. It turns good into evil, and destroys all the finer feelings. Thus, a fire is an agreeable thing on a cold day at a proper distance; but produces the keenest pain if brought too near. The same may be said of food and all other enjoyable things. Excesses are hurtful to both the body and the soul.

Professor Swing's conception of religion has at once the merit of simplicity and directness. He says: "The essential idea of religion is that we are the children of a personal or conscious God as distinguished from the thought that we are the result of chemical or material causes. Upon this basis alone the sentiment of piety rests. The difference of opinion regarding all other points may be curious or valuable, but they are not essential. No argument should be deemed vital except that as to whether there be a God. To wait for some adjustment of views as to inspiration, as to miracles, as to the nature of Jesus, is to ask the greater to wait for the less, the sun to wait for the world to analyze the electric light or the glow-worm's torch."

ORIGIN OF THE TRINITY.

If history has it right, the doctrine of the Absolute, or three Gods in one, had a curious beginning. In the year 325, Constantine, the cold blooded and bloody Emperor of Rome, called a Grand Council at Nice to settle the disputes that had arisen and establish the doctrines which were received by the so called church. It was at this council, with about 2,000 persons in attendance, after much heated controversy, which lasted nearly three months, that this dogma in part was forced upon the world; here it was "conceived in sin

and brought forth in iniquity," and was full fledged in another council held at Constantinople about a half century later.

It was here decided that Christ was not "raised up from among the brethren" to be an example for them to follow, according to the Scriptures, but that He was God himself, who had descended and assumed the proportions and form of man, and was no longer "an example, that we should follow in His steps." Here, by these blood-thirsty sinners, Christ was regularly installed the second person in the God-head, or God No. 2. After the dispersion of the Council, it was discovered that the Holy Ghost, who had overshadowed the Virgin at Christ's conception, had been sadly neglected, whereupon a discussion arose in the churches which could not be settled without calling another council. This God was, by some, considered to be feminine, and it was a question of difficult solution whose wife she should be, whether of the Father or of the Son—of God No. 1 or No 2.

Finally the second Council was convened at Constantinople in the year 381, when the Holy Ghost was installed as God No. 3, without regard to gender. These half heathen sinners, after they got their gods in working order, proceeded to give each one His high office, with distinct duties to perform. The Holy Ghost was to act as a kind of suavitator, or soothing sweetness between the other two. Christ was to be a reminder of No. 1 of His crucifixion and death—a kind of interpleader for the human race, for whom He left his throne on high and became man, to redeem. A few years ago, a Council was called by Pope Pius IX, when the work was finished by introducing the fourth person into the God-head, and Mary the Mother of Jesus was duly installed. Thus, we have the history of the rise of the "trinity"—the history of its fall is written upon every animate and inanimate thing and the intelligence of the nineteenth century makes the reading possible.

THE MOTHER CHURCH.

We can very readily understand why Sam Jones, Moody, Harrison and the other professional evangelists should denounce Spiritualism, for their system of religion is made up of fragments stolen from the Catholic church and joined together by a theory of life, death and immortality that appeals directly to the imagination of men whose digestive organs are out of order and who are ripe for a

faith that will make them still more miscreable. As a financial venture their methods of calling sinners to repentance could not be changed without impairing the earning power of the enterprise; for the credulity of their followers is the avenue to their pocket books and a disordered liver always insures success in that line. Proper doses of anti-bilious pills judiciously distributed among the congregation of either one of these hell shriekers would throw the whole business into the hands of a receiver and force the evangelists to seek employment in some other line of trade. That is why they don't like Spiritualists; for instead of the mourners-bench the spiritual philosophy would recommend the thorough cleansing of both the inner and outer man and would then suggest an uninterrupted continuation of that same condition of cleanliness. They hate Spiritualism too, because Spiritualists have contempt for a man who will reach down into the depths of any system of religion and snatch from thence all the clouds and leave the bright sunshine behind as these fellows have done with the doctrines of the Mother Church. But what amazes us is that the Catholic clergy should berate and abuse Spiritualists and charge that if their philosophy is not a fraud they are in league with devils. Now, this should not be. Brethren should dwell together in peace and unity. We are more than willing to admit that the Catholic Church is the oldest and altogether the best organization for the propagation of the Spiritual philosophy on earth, and we point with pride to the grand old Catholic Church as the custodian of more written and traditional evidence of the doctrine, or belief in Spirit intercourse and Spirit materialization, than all the other religious societies put together. In fact, every page of its history fairly groans under its weight of records of Spirits walking, talking and eating here upon this earth exactly as they did when in the natural body. To be sure, they are called Saints, but when they first came back they were simply priests and laymen, no better or worse perhaps than the average priest and layman of to-day. They were enrolled in the catalogue of saints long years after they had familiarized themselves with the highway that leads between the spiritual and material worlds, and therefore the privilege of returning to visit their earth friends was not granted by reason of canonization. Should we not be amazed then that the defender and protector of the Christ principle through

all the dark and bloody ages of ignorance and superstition should stand up in the broad, glaring light of the civilization of the nineteenth century and, holding its official robes between its record and the world, say as did Peter: "I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest?" They, the priests, have denied the Christ principle, therefore let the cock crow that they may be reminded of their faithlessness.

Now, where shall we find the evidence that the Catholic Church was founded upon the belief in Spirit intercourse and defended that philosophy through all the ages? The Church's own history as written by its own consecrated priesthood is full to overflowing with officially attested evidence and from that we shall quote. St John-Joseph (1734) immediately after death began to manifest himself in his spiritual state. At the very hour of his death he appeared to Diego Pignatelli duke of Monte Leone, while he was walking about his private apartments. The duke had seen him at Naples, a day or two before, sick almost to death, but he now appeared in perfect health, and was encircled in light. Greatly astonished at the spectacle, the duke said, "Father John-Joseph, is that you? I am glad you have so quickly recovered." The saint replied, "I am both well and happy," and then vanished. The duke then sent to Naples to make inquiries, and was informed that John-Joseph departed this life at the very hour he manifested himself to his grace. John-Joseph manifested himself in a manner still more remarkable to Innocent Valetta. While Innocent was asleep, he felt his arm pulled, and heard himself called aloud by name. He awoke in a fright, and perceived a cloud of glory, in the midst of which stood a "religious" of the Order of St. Peter of Alcantara, considerably advanced in age. Valetta could not recognize the face of the apparition in consequence of the numerous rays of light which dazzled his eyes. The apparition asked Valetta if he recognized him, and Valetta answered "No." "I," said the apparition, "am John-Joseph of the Cross, just this moment delivered from the bondage of the flesh, and am now on my way to paradise. If you would like to see my mortal remains, you will find my body in the infirmary of St. Lucy of the Mount." So saying, he vanished. Valetta hastened to the infirmary where he found a crowd of people weeping over the body of the saint. Subsequently, John-Joseph repeatedly visited his old earth friends.

Christ, accompanied by a large band of spirits, visited St. Vincent Firrier and talked with him by the hour.

Philip of Neri saw a multitude of spirits in and about the altar, and once when ill the Virgin Mary came to cure him, that is, to give him magnetic treatment.

St. Barbara and a band of fellow-spirits came to Stanislaus Kostka and raised him up from a bed of sickness.

St. Benedict appeared to Bruno, (Leo xiv) and cured him of a dangerous malady.

St Barabar, after being stoned to death, his body was buried in an obscure place where it lay nearly 450 years. Then his spirit appeared to Anternius and pointed out the spot where his bones were lying.

But what is the use of quoting further from the Fathers? There are "more than ten thousand times ten thousand" such instances of spirit communication in the history of the Catholic church. In fact take away the belief in the power of the saints to aid those in the earth life who appeal to them and there would not be anything left of the Mother church, not even so much as a shell. Of course, Brothers Jones, Moody, Harrison and company deny the truth of these things, but they ought not, in all reason, to deny that Christ, after his death, was seen of Cephas; then of the twelve; after that he was seen of five hundred brethren at once; then of James, and then of all the Apostles, for that is Holy Writ. The fact is, Spiritualism insists that mankind must save themselves by living pure lives and dispensing charity, light and mercy, and naturally enough such a philosophy would be condemned by those who live by acting as "middlemen" between the man who does not feel inclined to give over his evil ways and a God who is purchasable, or, at all events, who can be persuaded by a paid go-between to reconsider a sentence to hell and change it to a life of endless felicity in a city whose streets are of gold and whose decorations are precious. No, the Spiritual philosophy teaches that whatever a man soweth, that also shall he reap, and that is not the kind of a religion bad men and bad women want. They prefer a salvation that can be purchased at the last moment; a process of redemption that will transfer the murderer into a psalm singing saint in a minute, and a cold, miserly, stingy and corrupt old sinner into a great big hearted cherub for a small sum of money given to some charitable institution at the brink of the grave. Thank God, Spiritualism is rejected by such beasts.

WELCOME TO "LIGHT IN THE WEST."

M. PASQUIER CURRAN.

"Light in the West" thou living flame,
We bless thy holy name, may every
Ray from thee in beauty glów, and put
To shame the skeptics fee-ble clím.

May Gods eternal truths be found in
Every line, in every page his love
Proclaim, and put to flight dark
Shades of error's dismal night.

"Light in the West," we hail thy birth,
We welcome thee thou bright prophetic
Star, may Angelsever watch and
Guide thee in thy onward march.

May man in error's chains no longer
Mourn, but turn to light from
Thee, to guide his path and lead
Him on to realms in angel climes.

SWEDENBORGIANISM.

Would the man who has spent his life in defrauding his neighbors, who has grasped all he could lay his hands upon, whose maxim has been "No friendship in trade," "All arts are allowable in politics," be delighted to hear that the only gates which open to the golden city are love to the Lord and man? A man whose hands are red with the blood of his brother, and whose heart is burning with deadly hatred, has taken pious words upon his lips because he supposed he was immediately to be brought before an angry Judge, and that if he would say, Lord, Lord, with devout expression, he would be saved from eternal punishment and be admitted into heaven. But when he finds himself in a real world, and in perfect freedom to go where he chooses, and to think and say what he pleases, and that no more professions of goodness are of any avail, would he listen with attention to the voices of his heavenly instructor? Would a woman who has lived a cold and hard, or impure and worldly life, whose supreme purpose has been the gratification of selfish desires and worldly vanities, catch every word which fell from her heavenly instructor's lips with joyful attention? Could she reverse the whole order of her nature in a moment?

The distinction between the New Spiritual Age and the Old, is perfectly analogous to that which exists between the New Age of Astronomy and the Old; between the age of science and that of appearances.

It would be difficult to make a proposition to the Christian world to-day, which would seem more absurd than that a clear, rational and true idea of the spiritual beings and of their mode of life, is possible while we remain in this life.

The spirit is the real, substantial, the organizer, the theatre of causes, the proximate source of all human activities, and in the final issue, determines all human relations and destinies.

One step in spiritual progress outweighs the wealth and honor and glory of the world. From the serene point of the spirit, what contradictions are reconciled; what enigmas which have torn multitudes to pieces, are helved! Even death, that great enigma, which has been the terror of humanity in all ages, is seen to be an orderly step in life. That great change which has filled the eyes of Pagan and Christian alike with tears, and all human hearts with sorrow, and which has been regarded by saint and sinner as the curse of God, is seen to be an orderly provision of His love, ordained from the beginning.

The material body or the human soul of the babe in Bethlehem was not God, as man's material body is not the man himself. But God dwelt in it; had such a personal and immediate connection with it that He could control it, and infill it with His own life, and gradually assimilate it to his divine nature and form, or, in the language of Scripture, glorify it.

The reason that no advance beyond that knowledge and method of reasoning has been made is, that all spiritual questions are regarded from a natural point of view, and measured by natural standards.

In the spiritual world every society is the embodiment of some specific affection and form of thought; the nicest shades of difference in character distinguish one society from another. In passing through the World of Spirits, we go from society to society according to the form and changes in our minds constantly, though not directly, approaching the one to which we belong. Every society we enter, and every person we meet, assists us in divesting ourselves of something which is not a part of our natures, of something which has no living connection with us, and of bringing out into clearer form every good or evil principle which we had made our own by life.

The Bible is a collection of pictures, some of which are copies of events in this world; others of events in the spiritual world. There are spiritual as well as natural facts; but fact and figure, parable and song, miracle and vision, are all given for the sole purpose of embodying and revealing spiritual truth in natural forms.

There are many who hope to enter

heaven, when they pass into the other world, because they have uttered some pious sentiments or performed some religious ceremonies during their last hours in this world. Murderers talk of having made peace with God, and speak with confidence of meeting the Savior and having all their sins washed away in His blood. Men and women who have lived cold, heartless, and selfish, live in hope to find a ready entrance into heaven because they have paid some outward respect to religion, especially towards the close of their earthly life. They wake in other life with these ideas, and they soon begin to inquire about their prospects for heaven.

Everything is dust and poison which stimulates and feeds the natural at the expense of the spiritual, though it may be gold, honor, power.

Every human being goes where his character takes him; he can go nowhere else.

Would it not be a great boon to be placed where we can see "truth in the light of truth," where we can take hold of God's hand without an intervening line of presbyters, bishops, or popes, and upheld by His almighty arm walk serenely over the billows of life?

It is a step from nature to spirit; from effects to causes, by which a new spiritual position is gained from which all questions both natural and spiritual are regarded.

Every man will be judged according to his deeds.

When men and women first enter the World of Spirits, especially those who come from Christian countries, "after they have wondered that they are in a body, and in every sense which they had in the world, and that they see similar objects, they come into the desire of knowing what heaven is and what hell is, and where they are. Wherefore, they are instructed by their friends concerning the state of eternal life, and are likewise led about to various places, and into various companies, and some into cities and also gardens and paradises, generally to magnificent things, since such things delight the externals in which they are. They are then brought, by turns, into their own thoughts, which they had entertained in the life of the body, concerning the state of their souls after death, and concerning heaven and hell. Almost all desire to know whether they shall come into heaven, and almost all believe that they will." Is

not this the inquiry you would make? Imagine yourself to stand where you will find yourself, to be a human being in the human form, and in a real world full of houses, gardens, cities and everything which constitutes a world inhabited by intelligent human beings, would you not desire to know whether this was heaven? The moment this desire was awakened in your mind, angels or good spirits would be present to answer your questions, and give you such instruction as you were able to receive.

We must not think of the World of spirits as a great mass-meeting of men, women, and children waiting to be judged hoping to be acquitted, or fearing to be condemned, or as a multitude of pilgrims who are seeking another home. It is a world rich in everything needful to the wants, the use, and the delights of its inhabitants.

The good reject the false in every form because it is abhorrent to them, and they receive the truth which corresponds to their affect on, because they love it.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

THEIR CONNECTIONS AND DURATION EXEMPLIFIED
BY THE PRINCIPLES WHICH UNDERLIE THE
DOCTRINE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Written for Light in the West.

Matter and spirit are component parts of the universe. The two combined make the one great whole. Matter is that part which occupies space, visible, tangible and in either a solid, liquid or aeriform matter, in some form or other, fills all space or the entire universe. It was once thought by the learned that that portion of the universe which lies outside of the earth's atmosphere and the atmosphere of the other heavenly bodies was void of matter; but of late, scientists have determined otherwise. It is now believed that all of that portion of space is filled with an element, much purer than the atmosphere, which is known as ether. Spirit, unlike matter, is an intelligent being, imperceptible, except under certain conditions, to the corporal senses; an intangible substance. In ancient times, as now every thing in Nature was classed in one of two classes, matter or spirit. All material substances were classed as matter, whilst all immaterial were classed as spirit.

As to whether or not spirit is pre-existent or co-existent with matter never has and probably never in this life can be determined: but the existence of each can readily be determined by its own phe-

nomena. We all know that the earth, and water, trees, plants animals etc. exist; because we daily and hourly come in contact with and recognize them through one or more of the five senses, seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling, which have been provided us by nature that we might familiarize ourselves with the material objects surrounding us. We know little or nothing of matter except what we acquire through one or more of the five senses, and it is through one or more of these that the spirit, which animates our bodies, can contemplate the matter surrounding us. Our spirits through one or more of these channels can understand, contemplate and readily distinguish the difference in the phenomena presented by each particular kind of matter. This earth presents entirely different phenomena to either air or water and hence, we can readily distinguish between them. The difference between animals their different kinds; trees and plants and their different kinds, are so distinguished and these differences have been the study of the naturalist and botanist for ages.

Spirit, as before described, is an immaterial substance, an intelligent being, imperceptible, except under certain conditions, to the corporal senses. Hence, the study of spirits has been much more difficult to the human mind than the study of matter and as a consequence the study of the spirit has been greatly neglected, both in ancient and modern times. The phenomena of spirit is entirely different from that of matter and require closer attention and deeper thought. The ancients, with very rare exceptions, confined their studies almost exclusively to matter in its various forms. Very little attention was given to the spiritual, and so little did they understand it, that the world was filled with superstition and false notions of Religion; and even to-day so little is the spiritual understood, that superstitions and false ideas of religion exist not only in what we denominate heathen lands, but throughout the civilized and christian world. Many of those, who in ancient times made the subject of the spiritual their study, saw that they could play upon the ignorance of the multitude and make use of the same for their own gain and as a matter of profit, made merchandise of it. They instilled into the minds of the people false ideas of religion. They established a priesthood and by priestcraft established a religious serfdom. The people became little better than slaves to the priests. A careful study of the history of

the Jews, as given in the Old Testament, shows most conclusively that the many and various sacrifices were almost solely for the purpose of maintaining and supporting the priests. The sacrifices that were ordained, were numerous, and the Jewish people were strictly enjoined at certain times and on numerous occasions to make and offer these sacrifices. That which was required by the Jewish priests for sacrifices, was to be of the very best quality, without spot or blemish, and the tenth of every thing brought to be sacrificed was set apart for the priest. Thus were they provided bountifully with the very best in the land. This state of affairs could never have existed if the people had been properly instructed in matters relating to the spiritual. The spirit never enslaves but ever makes free. The mind, one of the attributes of the spirit, if properly enlightened in relation to matter and spirit can never be thus enslaved.

The study of both matter and spirit and their relation to each other is essential to our happiness and should engage the closest attention of the human mind. It elevates and ennobles man and places him on a much higher plane than he otherwise would be. It places him far above the brute and brings him nearer to that Supreme Intelligence which we denominate God.

Man is a dual being, composed of matter and spirit. His body, which is composed of animal matter like that of all other animals, has life, sensation and voluntary motion and is susceptible of physical culture, which is necessary to its physical health and enjoyment, whilst his spirit is susceptible of the very highest mental culture which is necessary to its happiness both here and hereafter—in the life that now is and that which is to come.

But how is man to cultivate the spirit unless he knows and understands its phenomena; for only by its phenomena can he know that it exists? There are two classes of spirits; those yet in the body and those out of the body, usually denominated disembodied spirits, and the phenomena of each differ the one from the other and are differently observed. We know that there is a spirit which pervades or occupies our body, because it controls not only our voluntary actions but causes us to reason and think. It is the spirit within us which distinguishes us from the brute. That the spirit is susceptible to culture is evidenced by the difference between the civilized and the barbarian; the learned and the unlearned met within

the various parts of the earth. We are now beginning to better understand the spirit position of our nature because we are devoting more time to its study than our fathers gave. It is due to the action of the spirit that the arts and sciences have advanced to the position which they now hold: the action of the spirit has beautified the world, filled it with cities, towns, villages and happy homes. It is the action of spirits that has caused the thousands of miles of railroad to be built in the civilized portions of earth, our rivers, oceans and seas to be filled with steam and sailing vessels for the benefit of travel, trade and commerce and the thousands of miles of telegraph and telephone lines to be built for the rapid transmission of thought. It is due to the action of spirit that thousands upon thousands of other blessings are being showered upon and around us. Without its actions this world should be but a dreary waste. Go to the home of the cultured and the uncultured and note the difference. That difference is due to the culture or the lack of culture of the spirit. By the difference in the condition of those homes you can easily determine the difference of the spirits that animate the physical bodies of those who occupy those homes.

We will now notice one other thing in relation to matter and spirit and that is their duration, capabilities, etc. Chemistry and philosophy teach us that matter is indestructible. It may change its form, but the atoms of which it is composed can never be destroyed. That which is a solid to-day may to-morrow be changed to a fluid or gas and *vice versa*. Chemically, many changes are being made of the particles or atoms that go to make up matter but none of them can be destroyed. Daily gold, silver, iron, platinum and other metals or material substances are being changed to a fluid or gaseous state, yet the atoms or particles composing those metals or substances are not destroyed. The atoms composing each still exist and ever will exist and may be again brought back to their original state. The particles or atoms which go to make up our bodies are continually changing. Our bodies are continually casting off the waste particles and are receiving others that take their place. The earth, air and water are original sources from which all animal and vegetable matter springs from the earth and it in turn supports and nourishes animal matter and the two together go to sustain and nourish

human life, and in time are returned to their original sources. Hence, we are forced to the conclusion that there is no destruction or annihilation of matter and that the matter which now exists has always and ever will in some form exist. If matter, which may be regarded as but secondary to spirits, can not be destroyed or annihilated, is it reasonable to suppose that spirit, which more nearly in essence approaches the Supreme Intelligence and is vastly superior to matter, can be destroyed? Certainly not, and if it can not be destroyed, the question naturally arises: What becomes of it after it has separated from the body? This is a question that has puzzled the millions of earth in all ages. Theologians have descanted long and loud upon it and many and various opinions have been and are now held concerning this question. One class holds that as soon as the spirit is separated from the body it goes to an intermediate place between Heaven and Hell, a sort of neutral territory called purgatory, there to remain until the books are opened, accounts settled and their true character determined, unless sooner bailed out through the instrumentality of the priests upon the payment of a certain sum of money in gold, silver or approved and genuine paper currency, after which its body is resurrected from the grave, reunited with it and then soul and body sent to Heaven to enjoy eternal bliss or to Hell to suffer in everlasting and never ending torment. Another class holds that as soon as the spirit, at death, is separated from the body it goes direct either to Heaven or Hell, there to remain till the judgment day, where its body will be resurrected and reunited with it and then with its body will be returned either to Heaven or Hell according to the character that (in life) it formed. Another class holds that the spirit when separated from its body takes its position in the Universe of God wherever it sees fit. That while in the body it was satisfied to remain on the earth and they see no reason why it should be suddenly taken from the earth and all it loves and holds dear and sent to some remote part of the Universe. This class holds that the spirit may remain here on the earth or that it may go to any portion of the illimitable that it sees fit; that its chief bliss or happiness will be in contemplating the wonderful and unbounded works of the Almighty, and not in walking upon gold paved streets, passing in and out through gates of pearl and playing heavenly airs upon golden harps, as

is taught by some. This class holds that the Supreme Intelligence fills the immensity of space; is continually present everywhere and that the spirit will be content to be upon the earth as anywhere else, as it is as much in the presence of the Almighty here as anywhere, and further, that it will find enjoyment while contemplating the wonderful works of God in occasionally visiting their friends yet in the flesh and holding intercourse with them. They also hold that the disembodied spirits hover around us on earth to cheer us while living, to comfort us at the hour of death and to welcome the released spirit into its higher life. Their idea is most beautifully illustrated by the poet in describing the peaceful and happy death of Bishop McKendree, an eminent Methodist divine. The Bishop in his dying hour, by the poet is made thus to speak to his friends, who were standing around his couch, of seeing spirits or angels around his bed and his room.

'What's this that steals, that steals upon
my frame,
Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death then I shall be
From every sin and sorrow soon set free
All is well. All is well.

'Bright angels are from glory come
They're around my bed, they're in my room
They wait to waft my spirit home
All is well. All is well.'

Bishop McKendree is not the only one who in the hour of death has spoken of seeing spirits or angels. Many others equally worthy of belief have so spoken. Were they deceived? Was it a mere hallucination of the brain? If so, there was comfort afforded to the dying by the deception. Bishop McKendree certainly believed that disembodied spirits were in his room and around his bed while he lay dying, ready to escort his spirit to the spirit land. If he did not so believe, why did he say "they wait to waft my spirit home"? How charming the thought to him. He expressed no regret whatever, but seemed to exult in the very thought and in ecstasy exclaimed, "all is well, all is well." Could spirits possibly be better employed than in manifesting themselves to the dying and ready to receive the spirit into higher life? Which of the three beliefs concerning the future of the immortal spirit is the most cheering? Which is calculated to give the most comfort to the human mind? Which is calculated to make us better men and women in this life? Which is the most reasonable and the less likely to distract the human mind? Which is the least likely to fill our insane asylums? We leave it to the candid thinker to

judge. We have been taught that God is love. Which of the three beliefs is most consistent with that love? We have been taught that God is all wisdom. Which is the most consistent with that wisdom? Which is the most consistent with all the attributes of Deity, as we understand them? What cheer or comfort can that father and mother have who believe that the darling child so beloved by them in life is forever banished from them and is suffering in eternal torment without any hope of relief? What cheer, comfort or happiness can the spirit father and mother take after they have passed from this life and are walking on gold paved streets, or passing in and out through gates of pearl, when they know that that dear child so dearly loved by them is the companion of devils and the damned; suffering the torments of Hell? Would not the sounds of the notes from the golden harps, played by the blessed, sound rather discordant to their angelic ears? What cheer or comfort could the child derive from the thought that that parent, who in life loved, cherished and provided for all its wants, was suffering the torments of the damned with no hope of relief whatever? Must not the human mind be stolid indeed that can entertain such a belief and not become crazed? Those of the latter class hold that there is nothing in what is called death to dread; that there really is no such thing as death; simply a change and a happy change and they are enabled to look with complacency upon it. They regard life rather as a small island in the great ocean of Eternity and that Eternity as an Eternity of happiness more to be desired than life. They regard life as a primary department in which to prepare for Eternity: a place for a certain growth of the soul or spirit before entering into a closer relation with the Great Eternal. As an illustration to some extent of the duration of matter and spirit and the employment of the spirit after it enters into the higher life and the unlimited extent of the Universe, we will conclude this essay with what is known as the

GERMAN'S DREAM.

"I stood in the presence of the Eternal. Beside him stood an angel. He, looking toward me, spoke to the angel and said, 'Strip him of his robe of flesh, put new garments upon him and take him forth to view the infinitude of the universe.' At once, as in the twinkling of an eye I was deprived of my flesh and I stood forth clothed in a spiritual garb; a garb more

beautiful and brilliant than the heart of man could conceive or his language express. The angel then spoke to me and said, 'Come and go with me into the immensity of space.' Then, with the rapidity of thought, we left the earth in a direct line and almost before I could think, we were far beyond the limits of the planetary system. The earth, which I had been taught to regard as the center of all of God's works, had passed entirely out of view and I found myself entering within the region of the fixed stars. Still onward in our rapid flight we proceeded, constellation after constellation of stars were met and passed and still other constellations far beyond the regions of telescopic vision came into view and these in their turn by us were met and passed and still others came into view. Having seen the countless millions of worlds we passed in our rapid flight, I was completely overwhelmed with the magnitude, brilliancy and beauty of what I had seen, and with wonder and awe I cried to the angel, 'Hold! I can go no further! To all this is there no end?' He answered, 'End there is none.' 'End there is none?' inquired I. He again answered me, 'End there is none. Yea, also, there is no beginning.'"

J. L.

Mound City, Ill.

TIDINGS FROM THE EAST.

Correspondence LIGHT IN THE WEST.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 26.—Public sentiment is always arrayed against reform of every kind. No matter how vitally its success is connected with all human good, it will be misrepresented by the ignorant and unscrupulous. The methods of assault are universally the same, from the suggestive shrug to pointing the finger of scorn and social proscription. In this, the Religious reform, it is but natural to look for the most bitter taunts and untiring persecution from the "Chief Priests" and the "Rabble." It is somewhat consoling at this time, when to be a Spiritualist and advocate it is to invite social ostracism, to know that when the names of our reformers are handed down to posterity they will have illustrious company, (though as "Martial" says, "Glory paid to our ashes comes too late") even the great leaders of Protestantism, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Knox and Wesley. They all either conversed with the dead, had prophetic dreams, or their homes were at times the haunts of disembodied men.

The works of those great teachers and philosophers, Pythagorus, Empedocles, Socrates, Plutarch, Bacon, Boyle, Swedenborg, Locke, Oberlin, Lavater, Bohme, Kant, etc., reveal a similar story. The great poets, Dante, Milton, Addison, Tasso, Goldsmith, Goethe, Wordsworth, Browning, Poe, and innumerable others tell of their experiences or belief in

e phenomena. Shall we doubt the mental acumen of the philosophers, devotees of science, and even the Fathers of the Church, and all the compiled evidences of the past? Have the laws of nature so changed as to render such phenomena impossible now?

The spirit of inquiry and more liberal and advanced thought is growing, and especially among the class of people who will be able to do the most for "the cause." In evidence, we call attention to the fact that denominational papers think it necessary to refute the statement that many if not most of the leading physicians are skeptics. To prove their statement they point to the fact that the celebrated Dr. A. and the eminent Dr. B. are members of such a church. How this proves they are not skeptics is obscure to me. Many physicians and advanced thinkers are members of orthodox churches to-day, because they were members before the new era of progress and religious liberty had fully dawned, and they remain members for various reasons, but very few, I opine, because they believe all in the Church Creed, and nothing outside of it, or more liberal. Very likely most of them think it not policy to make themselves unpopular, and as it is eminently "respectable" and "popular" to belong to Church, they remain members. They may be likened to the leaves of certain trees—they cling to the parent stem through all the wild blasts of winter only to be pushed off by the budding of the tree in the spring. They are just as certain to come out on the side of right, in time, as the leaves to fall. There is always a well grounded hope for a "skeptic." Many physicians are almost ready to emerge from their chrysalis state, and are not averse to gaining knowledge outside of the teachings of the Church. All honor to them!—may they use what they gain for the good of humanity, and in a way to accomplish more than will ever be done by sermons of the strictly orthodox type. I am reminded of a dear old lady whose hair is whitening for the beyond, a devout Methodist, devoted wife, and mother of an only son. She cannot partake of the Body and Blood of Christ at the altar with her son—he is a "close communion Baptist."

"Orthodoxy? My Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, "orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is another man's doxy!"

As to materialization, I am scarcely better prepared with facts than in my last communication. I have attended two semi-dark seances given by celebrated materializing mediums, and by nearly all who were present the manifestations were pronounced wonderful and entirely satisfactory. The commodious and sumptuous parlors of Madam —, No. — St., New York City, were more than comfortably filled with a critical, intellectual audience composed chiefly of middle-aged or elderly people who attend such seances religiously, as the orthodox do communion service.

There was the usual cabinet, hung with heavy, dark drapery. No one examined it,

In this cabinet was seated one of the mediums. In about ten minutes lights began to appear and disappear, above and around him, in which an indistinct form could sometimes be outlined by those of the audience allowed to look into the cabinet. In a short time the necessary power seemed to have been evolved, and several spirits materialized and were recognized at once by their friends. The spirit of a young lady actually left the cabinet and sat at a table near by and wrote a message to her father, who was bending over her, and also conversed with him, but in such low tones as to be inaudible to others. He professed himself entirely satisfied—in fact, knew it was his daughter. Other materializations were not so satisfactory. A spirit appeared saying he was E. V. Wilson, the Patriarch of Spiritualism. But one of the audience, a personal friend of the late E. V. Wilson and a firm believer in the phenomena, exclaimed that it is not E. V. Wilson. I knew him well, and there is not even a resemblance between him and the spirit using his name.

Next came General Garfield, and familiar as were his features to almost every body, no one was heard to say "tis he." And so on, "ad infinitum." Finally, the lady medium who had been outside of the cabinet, but very near the curtain, moved forward very slowly, and began waving her hands over a small space at her left side, when, as if by magic, a gauzy, white substance was visible which appeared to come from beneath the heavy velvet robe the medium wore. To all appearance the medium seemed to be pulling out yards of this fleecy drapery, though there was no actual or visible contact between her hands and the substance. When the pile of gauze had spread over considerable space, a figure was seen to be forming under it; first head and arms, then during the great excitement on the part of the medium and the singing, (which was by her request at that moment) the figure assumed an upright position. The materialized spirit proved to be Joan of Arc, and the request for the "Marseillaise Hymn" being complied with, the spirit made the circuit of the room supported by, or supporting the medium, which, I could not say they both appeared perfectly strong and able to 'go alone'.

Before the close of the hymn they retreated backwards into the cabinet occupied by the assisting medium. I can state positively as to the gauze fabric, it was tarlatan. If flowers, and other forms of matter can be produced from an invisible source, why not tarlatan? I also attended the seance of a popular medium and Dr. of Brooklyn. Many spirits materialized, but most of them as spirits who had materialized before; not as relatives or friends. For instance, one of the medium's Indian controls made himself plainly visible, also a little Indian girl. A spirit claiming to be a relative of mine, but I could not recognize her as the aunt, whom she represented herself to be, who had passed to the "Summer land" long before I saw the light of this sphere. I endeavored by questions to establish her iden-

tity, but did not succeed.

There is a very select society of Spiritualists in Brooklyn, very little known to the public, devoted exclusively to the study of the higher classes of spiritual laws. They meet twice a week, and are instructed by exalted spirits through the mediumship of Madam P— Her phase of mediumship is quite new to me. I shall have more to say regarding it hereafter. I would add, as a little out of the ordinary course of mediums, that Madam P— has never attended a seance or lecture, never gave a "test", or business sitting, never charged an admittance fee. To be admitted to her class one must be introduced by some member and invited by the Madam, either personally or by proxy. I hope to give some spiritual philosophy from her hand.

Any ones having questions they would like to have answered inspirationally, may forward them to me and I will undertake to have them answered in time for the questions and answers to appear in our next issue.

At the close of an interesting lecture delivered before a society here, the medium gave some very fine tests, also answered questions handed in by the congregation in a manner entirely satisfactory, the most profound as well as the most trite were answered with a readiness and ease never before witnessed by me. Some of the questions were in themselves amusing, and these were answered so facetiously, that, in theatre parlance, they "brought down the house."

M. B. T.

FREE LOVE.

Editor Light in the West:

In the name of all that is pure, let me ask: Why it is that as soon as Spiritualism and Spiritualists are mentioned, in a community where their teachings are not understood, the hue and cry of "Freelove" is the first one raised?

Is there anything in the teachings of that grandest medium that earth has ever known, that tends to promote the growth of that monster, free love? You followers and teachers of theology, how dare you breathe the word free love without speaking in the same breath of ruined homes, broken hearts, places made desolate and the wail of fatherless children?

Is it the followers of Spiritualism or the devotees of theology who are filling our insane asylums, almshouses, foundlings' homes and houses of prostitution? I can answer that it is not Spiritualism. The statistics of every community prove that to our entire satisfaction. Is it the followers of Spiritualism or the devotees of theology that are building costly churches, robbing the poor to do it, maintaining them at any cost, even that of virtue, that you may have a synagogue to worship in, a place to pray aloud in, a place in which to get up before the people, and after praying for those who do not need your prayers, tell God how thankful you feel that you are better than they are? Is this a part of Jesus' teachings? Whom do you pretend

to follow, and are you so clothed with self-righteousness as to be able to ignore the passage where he says: "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men; * * * but thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and shut the door and pray to thy Father which is in secret." And, again, "When ye pray use not vain repetitions, as the heathens do: for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking."

And so, because the great Teacher has called you hypocrites, and likened you to the heathen, true child of theology that you are, you cast about for something to fasten upon—some one else who does not believe as you do, thinking that by smirching the white robes of Spiritualism with the blackness of free love, that your own soiled garments will look whiter by the contrast. And it is sometimes the case that you point your finger at some poor God-forsaken member of the human family who has dragged himself through the mire of free love, and is trying to attach himself to the train of Spiritualism, simply because the church, which made him what he is, has not moral strength and virtue enough to heal his poor weak brain and teach him morality, and a wanderer, he grasps at all that comes in his way. Then Spiritualism, turning her noble countenance upon him with charity written in every lineament (Jesus said, "the greatest of these is charity"), a flood of light illumines his soul, and he feels, perhaps for the first time in his life, the effect of the erroneous teachings which have been dealt out to him since childhood—feels there is something higher, nobler, purer and better in life than he had ever dreamed of. Did Jesus cast off such as these, or did He say "I come not to bring the righteous to repentance, but to save sinners"? So says Spiritualism: "There is room enough for all, even for such as these," and if she is able by the strength and purity of her teachings to instil one pure, or to inspire to one noble deed the hearts of such as these, she feels repaid. Your slanders and cries of free love cannot harm her; she is as far above them as the stars above the earth.

And when you measure us and our teachings by such poor examples as these, you invite the same comparison. So we follow you into your own fold, and choosing one of your shining lights we follow him to his place of business, watch him through the day; see the short measure in dry goods, the small pounds in groceries, see the adulterated goods on his shelves, the brisk greeting and the ever present smile with which he serves his wealthy customer and his fawning manner as he weighs out three-fourths of a pound of tea and charges for a full pound, soothing himself by saying: "I'll give to the Lord and it will be all right." Ah! what a change in his manner; his simpering is gone when a poor customer, a widow with a family of little ones to support, comes in. She is a member of your church also, and many a time has she re-

sponded with a fluent amen, to the prayer of this shining light, that the Lord would succor the widowed and the fatherless; and now when she asks a mite from his bountiful supply, he whom the Lord has appointed His steward turns her away empty-handed and weary-hearted. She asked for bread, and he gave her a stone. Does Jesus tell him to pray for the needy, or to see that their wants are supplied? And as she turns from his door she is forced to wonder if God has forsaken her fatherless little ones. No, weary-hearted mother, He has not forsaken you; but the hearts of men are being turned to stone as theology overshadows and obscures the principle of humanity which Jesus taught. We have shown this theologian to be a hypocrite, a liar, and a thief. Shall we go farther and prove that he is the rule and not the exception in the popular church of to-day? You cry, "enough," and we say: You may call us cranks, fools, infidels, ungodly, or any other thing you choose. We pity your ignorance, and let it pass. But when you try to force us to adopt free love, that child of theology, born and reared under the very droppings of the sanctuary, we cry, away with it, we will have none of it. There is nothing in Spiritualism or its teachings that will tolerate for a moment such a thought. We thank God and the angels there is not. But it teaches that our homes are our earthly heavens and the blessed ties of family and home shall bind us on the other shore and throughout all eternity.

MRS. F. W. TOEDT

Hamburg, Iowa.

HOME OF THEODORE PARKER.

The following beautiful revelation of the spirit-home was communicated to the world by that grand character, Theodore Parker, through his friend Dr. L. H. Willis, nearly thirty years ago. But it is as fresh and as full of encouragement to-day as it was on the day the spirit of Mr. Parker returned to earth from his heavenly home to tell of his personal experiences in the world beyond, that humanity might know more of the radiant dwelling place of the spirit, and of the religion and philosophy of Spiritualism which leads the aspirations of man onward and upward toward the All-loving and All-perfect Over-Soul.—Ed.

What a beautiful day it was when my spirit, freed from a suffering body, stood revealed in its strength and individual life! I know no feeling of earth that can express in fulness that sense of interior satisfaction I was. I am. I shall be. Yes, forever. I live. God is. My very soul seemed palpable unto me. I felt its divine throbs of joy.

I stood in a lovely valley. Sloping on all sides toward it were undulating hills, verdant, and crowned with trees. Something such a spot I had seen in an engraving of one of Turner's pictures; but no picture could represent the whole view my eye held. In the distance I beheld villas and terraced gardens. Near me was a stream of crystal water, and

lender flowers were growing, and beautiful thrubs. The air about me was like a dewy summer's morning when the flowers give their most delicate fragrance to the coming sunbeams, and win their life by gifts of sweetness. I knew that a few hours before I was conscious of a faint, suffocating sense, as if life were languishing, and that I lay in a room, that, to my closing, external senses, seemed cold and dark, with only one loving hand grasping mine; and yet now I was free, and exultant in life and vigor. With that consciousness came a desire to move. What ecstasy of motion was this that made my will operative, so that I knew no effort save that of desire? I moved up the valley to a spot where I had seen children at play. It was then I discovered that something beside my own will had led me hither; for there was a feeling that some one had called me. It was such a sense as in my childhood days I had felt when my mother bade me come, that she might put her hand upon me and smooth my hair, and win a kiss. The same sense of restful love was with me. In my heart I was a child again; and my wish was to feel myself encircled in that same tender care, and to know myself the recipient of her same loving thoughts. With that wish I moved forward to a vine-covered grotto, and beheld—who? Could it indeed be that loving being I had known so long ago,—my mother? She had no touch of age upon her. Her body was as lithe and beautiful as those of the maidens who danced over the grave of Adonis. But my heart dared not go out to this being: it held itself back in doubt. I watched the face. A smile as tender as a young mother gives her first-born passed over it. A hand moved out in beckoning wish, and from it seemed to flow an attractive power. In a moment I rested my head upon her shoulder, and wept; yes, wept tears refreshing and restful. I knew no doubt or fears henceforth I lived, and I was with the being I had so longed to see. All else must surely be right and best in the end.

When I had become calm again, I wished to speak, and to ask how this all was; when I had come, and how; who guided me to this safe home. But, before my mouth uttered the words, the thought seemed to be revealed to my mother. She said, in musical accents that fell on my ear like the beautiful song of love I had been soothed by in my childhood, "You have left the earth through the weary way of sickness and pain, as almost all do. I bore you hither with the aid of others before you had awakened to consciousness, and left you alone, that you might first know that you existed, and that your individuality was subject to your will. I know all you have suffered, and why you have thus suffered. I am only now too glad to have you near my own beautiful home."

"Then this is a part of heaven?"

"This is a part of the spirit-world. But come, for others are waiting to see you."

I followed her through a pathway up a gentle slope until I came in sight of a dwelling,

It was a cottage form, not low or small, but with wide open doorways and high windows, if such the openings can be called. I entered the dwelling by the side entrance, which was covered with a beautiful vine whose foliage hung in tassel-like tufts of leaves, as soft and pliable as the fringed moss. The entrance was a sort of vestibule with columns, and was of semicircular form; and in it were seats; and I saw signs of life there,—a fallen flower, a book, and a curtain of most delicate texture, half drawn back. From this entrance I followed into a room that I find it difficult to describe to you. The light in it was soft and mellow, as if it came through translucent walls. This room was circular in front; and none of its walls had angles, but turned in graceful lines. The whole front of the room was supported by pillars that seemed like vine-covered trees, so perfect was their form in grace and beauty. Masses of most delicate drapery, fell in front of these like gossamer in lightness. Thus was formed in front of the room, between the columns and drapery, a sort of alcove. On one side of the room I saw a musical instrument, resembling more an organ than any thing else, but in form like a five-stringed harp. The couches and seats were simple and chaste, resembling in grace of design some flowers; and in the centre of the room a large hanging-basket, with long, pendent clusters of green, and most exquisite flowers.

A sense of exultant thankfulness filled my heart that I had found in the spirit-world my ideal of beauty and of rest in a real habitation. "Oh, how glad I am to have you here!" said my mother. "I have been waiting for this day so long! and yet I have only just got ready for you. I twined up that vine only yesterday, across the arch there, just as I thought you would best like it. This is your room not your study: that is here." And she gathered back the drapery from the side farthest from me, and a flood of white light entered. I started forward with a thrill of inexpressible delight. All I had coveted of art and beauty was before me. Statues and paintings and books, and every thing that a student or an artist could desire, were there. As my eye took in all, I could not resist the impulse that came upon me. I kneeled, and lifted my eyes, and exclaimed, "O God, thou hast heard my prayer, and hast done this!" My mother came forward, and laid her hand gently on my head. She did not speak; but I felt her joy flow down into my whole being, and I knew that she rejoiced in my aspirations of thanksgiving.

I knew of no feeling more exquisite than that of restful protection, which came with my mother's touch. I seemed a child again in that feeling, and feared nothing, needed nothing. Where was all the space between my boyhood and this moment? For a time it was annihilated. The fresh life of youth was on me. The unquestioning trust that I felt when the mother's arms encircled me then was with me now; and in the outbreathed

thanksgiving of my heart I expressed the fullness of my joy. I moved toward that part of the room which opened to the valley, and drew back the long, delicate curtains that fell across the side of the room. A balcony was there, and I stepped out upon it. What a scene met my gaze! The beautiful valley stretched out before me, and a soft light fell on it, such as can only be found in the fading light of day, when the sun sends its rays through some open space, and illumines the misty air. It was a soft yet glorified light, and in it every object seemed to have an ethereal beauty that I had never conceived before. The trees and shrubs that grew on the sloping side of the valley were luxuriant, and yet so delicate that I could scarcely trace their foliage. I heard the sweet sounds of singing-birds, and somewhere the murmur of voices. There seemed an intensity of life in every thing, and yet it was a life so restful that I almost thought I dreamed. "Tell me where I am," I said at last; "for already I begin to think that I am dreaming, and shall wake to my life of pain again." "This is my home," my mother said; "and this beautiful scene you look upon is Nature's own. You see yonder, just over those trees, there is a town, or city; you can even feel the influence of it here: but I love the quiet of this home better; do not you? That beautiful dwelling there is Channing's. You see how simply grand it is, like himself. But come, you must tell me if all pleases you;" and we moved into the study again. I could not speak; but my thought must have expressed itself, for I saw a light of pleased thankfulness pass over my mother's face. "I see," she said, "that you did not expect to find things so real here. Neither did I; and at first I was hardly pleased, because of ideas that had become so fixed in my mind during the earth-life. But you will soon feel that every thing that your instincts of beauty and of taste require is necessary to your real pleasure." I looked toward a beautiful picture: it was a scene of children at play; and among them I thought one resembled myself. It delights us," said my mother, "to preserve every beautiful experience of our earth-life in clear and distinct form. This is a transcript from my memory of your childhood: you will soon understand how I was able to gain it.

(To be Continued.)

A clever hint from our worthy contemporary, *Lucifer*, will apply to other newspaper offices, not in the city of course, but out west. (?)

"We like to have our friends call in and see us at any time, but it is a very different thing for people to come in, pick up a paper and commence to read aloud, or get into heated discussions in the office. Of course they do so unwittingly but it is a great annoyance all the same. Our office is always open to our friends to come in and read our exchanges, but please remember that we have to work, and in order to work, must have quiet."

THE COMFORTER.

As to the origin of the following lines the writer says: "While I sat alone awaiting the return of my husband from his business on a cold winter evening, the words of the poem began to flow through my brain with such rapidity that I was almost unable to trace them upon paper with sufficient speed to enable me to retain the exact words as they were given me."—Ed.

A storm is abroad in the mountains
And it sweeps with a shivering blast
O'er the poor, lonely hut over yonder,
From which a pure soul has just passed.

Its windows are darkened and dreary.
Let us peer in, with pitiful eye,
Behold the old man by the bedside—
Death has sundered his last earthly tie.

With heart-broken moan, and despairing
He lifts with an agonized cry
The form, still so dear, to his bosom
Murmuring, "Oh God, why not I?"

"Oh give back this earthly treasure
That so long was the light of my home;
She shared all my burdens and pleasure
And brightened the road to the tomb."

But the gale only mocks at his moaning
And rattles at window and door.
It cares naught for his sad repining
For the voice hushed on earth evermore.

Mother Nature is wild in her moods,
And it seems to his poor, stricken heart
That she mocks and is unsympathising
That he does not bear better his part.

But soon a soft sense o'er him stealing,
His eyes lose their agonized stare
As back from his poor wrinkled forehead
He pushes the locks of gray hair.

The poor hut is lighted with radiance
Which never had shone there before,
And through its gleams come sweet faces—
He falls on his knees to adore.

Ah, hear the soft strains of sweet music
That fall on his heartstrings so warm,
And back to the days of his boyhood
To a rude, humble cottage he's borne.

Where, long years ago in his childhood,
This lullaby hushed him to rest
On the dear, loving bosom of mother
Who seemed to him noblest and best.

And then his thoughts turn to another—
A sweet, sunny morning in June.
The birds in the branches were singing,
Sweet Nature and all things in tune,

When he brought his loved bride to his cottage
His joy's and his sorrows to share,
And the sweet summer days that followed
Not a thought had they of dull care

Then he hears once again the soft prattle
Of the sweet and sunny-faced child
Who brought to their lives a new brightness
With cooings so tender and mild.

Then over his mind comes a scene
When they walked through the valley of death
And, with heart-broken sobs and deep longing,
Consigned to the grave what was left

Of the once lovely form of their darling,
With sunny blue eyes and brown hair.
And, when low in the earth they had laid her,
To them did this world look less fair.

Still, they knew that in earth was not buried
The soul of that form they so loved,
And they lifted their eyes to the mansions
Which they hoped were prepared above.

They then journeyed on close together,
Their hearts filled with hope that at last
They should have this dear treasure again
When the milestones of life all were passed.

Then his thoughts wander back to that form
Now lying in death's cold embrace
And—Ah! how he starts as he glances
Once more on that wan, pallid face.

And Oh, what a look of sweet rapture
Flits over his worn, haggard face
'Tis the presence of angels that fill
His poor soul with comfort and grace.

He beholds the dear form of his mother
And that of his own little one,
The hovel seems radiant and glowing
As though with the noonday sun.

They point to the form he is holding
And he sees from its casket arise
The soul of the loved one he mourned, dead,
Her eyes filled with love and surprise.

And, stooping, she whispers to him,
"I go to prepare you a place,
Not long will I tarry, my dear one,
I will come to you oft in this place."

And then, as she joins the bright throng
Who are waiting to bear her soul home,
He hears once again the sweet strains
That chase from his soul the gloom.

And never from that humble cot
Shall the glory of this night depart
And never again for this mourner
Will death hold a poisoned dart.

For unto his soul is revealed
The sign of a perfect day,
When death shall release him from earth
And his loved ones shall bear him away.

He would not exchange his rude cot
For the halls that a princess might grace
For she'll come to this humble abode
And the angels have hallowed the place.

No, not for the gold of the Indies
Would he give what he this night has seen.
Now he knows that this world and the next
Are divided by silvery sheen,

Which mortals may pierce if they will,
Through which angels may oft be discerned;
There's a bridge across the dark stream
Over which our loved have returned.

And those who possess this great truth
Have comfort which none can deny
And never from them will be heard
This wailing and heartrending cry:

"Oh, where have they gone, those we loved?
Oh, say, will we ever behold
The faces we loved, the hands we have clasped?"
Shall they not of this bridge be told?

Yes, carry them comfort and bind up their hearts
Let us teach them the way o'er the river
And when they behold their loved ones there
They will mourn nevermore, no never.

Hamburg, Iowa.

F. W. T.

In harmony there is happiness.

WAITING AT THE HEAVENLY GATE.

Written for Light in the West.

I wait outside the heavenly gate—
An entrance to the land above—
And the time seems long and desolate
For the Angel Warden—Love.

I wait to catch one gleam of light
To guide my footsteps weary
Down the starry depths of night,
Among the shadows dreary.

And oft my spirit ear hath heard
In slumber's peaceful rest
Familiar voices that have stirred
And soothed my soul's unrest.

I wake to find the dream has passed,
But the vision lingers near
To strengthen me until at last
Death's gates shall disappear.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

SAVED BY HIS FATHER'S SPIRIT.

(Continued.)

"On, on, through the storm I struggled. The white curtain had closed forever over you, and I dared not look behind. On, and on, but still no sight of the station, and at last, the moan of waves told me the awful truth. I had wandered far from my course, and now nothing remained but to lie down and die. Not side by side with you, as I should have done, not at rest with innocence, as you had done, but haunted and tortured even to my last death throb by the devil to whom I had yielded. For a time I lay down, and listened to the voices of the waves, mingled with the cries of some sea gulls, those mariners' mourners whose even undulating flight no storm seems ever to disturb. Then I arose and staggered on again. To me no dreamy death drew near.

"I no longer sought to save my life; nay, could I have chosen I should now have preferred death by your side to escape without you. But it was too late. To look for you now would have been vain. I neither knew where I had left you nor where the inn lay. As I plodded mechanically forward, staggering heavily at every step, I caught a glimpse of what seemed to me a distant figure in the snow. Huge and indistinct, at first I could not make out its outline, until a sudden rift in the storm revealed to me two other wayfarers battling like myself with the elements. Madly plunging forward, I tried to overtake them, but the more I struggled the deeper I sank in the drifts which now engulfed me, sometimes almost to the waist. Before I could reach them the white curtain of the storm swept between us, and I was again alone. From time to time it seemed to me that I caught sight of them always just beyond my reach. Despair took hold of me. I felt I was going mad. With all my strength I tried to call aloud, but the wind drowned my voice. I was like one trying to cry out in a dream, and then I think I prayed.

"Again the curtain parted for a moment, and I saw my fellow-wanderers; two weary figures in long gray cloaks, like those the Russian soldiers wear, one of them almost carrying the other in his arms. But slowly as they

seemed to toil along, they were still too fast for my most frantic endeavors to overtake them, nor did they ever turn their faces to ward me. Again and again I lost sight of them, and then my agony of mind bordered on insanity! Once, as I followed close behind them, they disappeared so entirely that, fearing to lose them altogether, I bent over the spot to find their tracks, preferring to feel my way along their footsteps rather than be left utterly without guidance in that wilderness. In vain. Behind me my own tracks were scored deep and plain upon the snow, but they were the only ones, and before me all lay smooth and unbroken. Their footsteps left no tracks.

"Once again the figures reappeared, and again I followed them, for how long we shall never know; but it seemed to me in my agony as if, like the Wandering Jew, centuries rolled by beneath my weary feet. At last the two paused; one of them had slipped from the other's grip, and the other stood bending over his companion. With one supreme effort I plunged forward until I was almost within arm's length of them, and then—the snow held me!

"Strive as I would to lift my feet, they clung to the cruel snow; snow that instead of being light as feathers or sea foam, was now heavy as lead or the burden of an unrepented crime.

"My lips froze and my powers of speech congealed.

"My heart stood still on the very brink of breaking. I felt one word would save me. I could not say it.

"Cold as the Christmas wind on the steppeland was, a colder breath swept over me, as I stood before those silent gray forms which seemed to grow vast and vague in the dancing snow wreaths.

"In some other life, at some other time, I had known those two before. As I gazed, the wind rose louder, wilder than before, and as it tore furiously across the dreary waste it caught the cloak that shrouded the standing figure's face, and as it blew back for one moment I recognized my own father. Not the face I had known as a child, bright and brave, but terribly wan and sad.

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should be near us at our side;
Is there no baseness we would hide;
No inner villainess that we dread?"

"Alas! the sorrow in those awful eyes answered the question for me. My cup of bitterness was full indeed. Given over to death, traitor to my brother, without hope either here or hereafter, I stood a 'yet warm corpse' before my judge, and that judge the one who in this life I had loved with all a child's heart, with all a boy's hero worship. In mercy the cold wave crept into my heart and stilled its beating. The figures wavered in the storm, grew dim, and then were blotted out. I thought I heard the death rattle in my own throat, saw my own dead face looking up at me from the snow, still with an awful silence, but not of peace, set rather in the frozen agony of eternal despair. I staggered forward and fell.

"It seemed to me that in those minutes I really passed through the valley of death, for

my sin. I pray it may be so. At least the worst seemed past, for even as I fell, my head in falling rested not on the snow, which should have been my sepulchre, but upon your icy cheek.

"Oh, of course, I know how men of science would explain it all. The left leg takes a shorter stride than the right (or some such theory), and so, as was inevitable, I had wandered around in a circle until I returned to my starting point.

"Possibly they are right. I disagree with them. To me it seems that other aid than man's had led my erring steps back to the path of duty, aye, and was with me still as I lifted your body in my arms.

"Almost as if her dear voice was speaking in the wild night, I seemed to hear again the old, old story your mother used to tell to us children—how in that night after Inkerman, the brothers, one sore wounded, and the other sore spent, had held together manfully, and through the darkness of night had struggled back to their lines, almost dead, but not divided.

"Nothing seemed strange to me then. I knew that those brothers had come to me from that silent graveyard at Sebastopol, where both now lie 'forgotten with England's dead,' to save one son from death, and the other from death and dishonor.

"I hardly felt your weight as I lifted you on to my shoulder (did I lift you, I often wonder, or were they still helping me?) you seemed so light! Utterly careless now of self, and acting under an impulse altogether beyond my power to control, I bore you forward, not now with any uncertain step, not now seeking any guide, but going direct to my point like one who knew his road and saw his goal before him.

"The snow still whirled about us and covered us, until we must have seemed a part of the storm; the wind raved and mourned by fits, but I saw nothing—heard nothing, any longer.

"All seemed to be merging into a dream.

"Pain and weariness, cold and despair, the weight I carried and the woe I suffered, were gone.

"Horse voices were whispering in my ears, and when a flood of light streamed out through the storm the sobbing wind died away, and I dropped with my burden on the floor, loud and full from the wide waste without broke upon my ears, which now seemed closing to all earthly sounds forever, the music of England's loyal soldier song, as they sing it, hands clasped around the mess table:

'For auld lang syne, my lads,
For auld lang syne!'

"For days and days the Russian peasants nursed us, as a Russian mother might nurse her only child.

"You recovered consciousness first, and save for those two fingers which you left as spoils to the frozen North, were little the worse for that bitter night.

"After weeks of delirium, on the very threshold of the next world, I, too, recovered.

"Do you wonder now, Will, that I can not look in the face of the man who calls me his preserver with the happy smile of a loyal com-

rade? It took nothing less than the presence of one risen from the dead to prevent my dying as your murderer. Through years of successful toil I have tried to keep my secret and forget—to keep you still in ignorance so that I might always enjoy the love and trust you gave me.

"It could not be. Those haunting eyes have never left me, and now after ten years they compel me to give up my secret, as they compelled me then to retrace my steps and do my duty. There, Will, you have my story now—we'll say good-bye to-morrow, and, if you can, forgive me"

* * * * *

Need I say more; need I add that Hal did not leave my house that week; that Kimberly knows that successful engineer no more; that my nearest neighbor and my dearest friend is still cousin Hal?

PSYCHIC HEALING

is a method of restoring health to the ailing in which the moral, mental and vital treatment of the patient is the dominant means relied upon for success.

This treatment of the sick is not limited to the Mind Cure nor "Christian Science," nor "Faith Cure," nor "Magnetism," nor "Mesmerism," nor "Odicism," nor "Quietism," nor "Metaphysics." So far, however, from antagonizing any of these systems, each of them is recognized as a valuable though partial statement of the truth, to be developed to fuller enlightenment, greater power—and, hence, to larger and more uniform success.

We will in the near future give a series of articles on this subject from the pen of Mr. R. A. Campbell of our City who is in his practice proving its efficacy.

A DEAD MAN BETTER THAN NONE.

New Orleans Pickayune: An exceedingly sprightly maiden lady bemoans in a private letter the numerous hardships that befall her unhappy class. A woman of culture and means, she has been desirous of establishing herself in her own house, but does not do so because she signs herself Miss instead of Mistress. Would that the good old times might return when single women of uncertain age were honored with the prefix of Madame. Writes the lady: "I now fully realize that a man, a sure enough man, is a household necessity. It has been the dream of my life to have a home, but I cannot because I never married. Because I am not a widow. A man is a necessity, even if he is dead."

KALA.

(Continued.)

The negroes of the neighborhood gathered around in excited groups on the following day, Sunday, and discussed the situation. Kala was a vampire—a ghoul. She put the evil eye on the other women. She cursed in secret those whom she did not like, and they died in horrible torture. She bewitched all the young men, and the poor negro girls lost their lovers. And Feelah, the great African evil spirit, gave her this power, that she might torment them all.

And thus the slaves talked, each speaker add-

ing to the general terror, until, but for the severe discipline of the plantation, Kala would have met the fate of her mother.

When Murson recovered from his fright, he called together his people, and to their intense delight, ordered the overseer to bring out the sorceress for punishment.

She was greeted with cheers of derision by all the slaves, but she walked coolly to the whipping-post, her arms were fastened around it, her back was bared, and the overseer took his position with the dreadful knotted thong in his hand. He raised the whip to strike—

'Master,' said she, 'don't let him whip me.'

'He shall whip you,' said Murson, 'he shall whip you till he whips the devil out of you!'

'Whip her! Kill her! Burn her! She's a witch!' This from the slaves, who seemed apprehensive lest the master would spare her for her beauty.

She turned upon the slaves, and, with a look from her bright eyes that made all shrink with fear, in a cold, chilling tone, she said:

'The curse of the Voodoo—the curse of Feelah be upon you and your children. All shall die! And, you, master, if you whip me, I will have your blood, drop by drop!'

'Whip her! Lay it on!' shouted Murson, fearful of the effect of her threats on the other slaves, and enraged at her boldness: 'Cut her in two!'

I will not repeat the sickening details of the flogging. For weeks she lay, bruised and helpless. Murson, as he saw her there, patient and quiet, for she seemed to have lost all her former fire and vigor, congratulated himself upon having 'whipped the devil out of her,' as he termed it. And one day, as she was lying with her head buried in the pillow, he approached and said:

'Kala, is the devil gone? Are you free now?'

'Yes, master,' she replied humbly, 'he is gone.'

'I am right glad of it,' said Murson. 'When will you be well enough to tend to the house again?'

'In a few days, master, I will be well, and attend to all. Nothing will be forgotten.'

Murson started at the emphasis, but left the room, thinking what a valuable housekeeper she would be, now that the 'devil' had been whipped out of her.

The next week, the landlady continued, Kala resumed her household duties quietly and peacefully. She was so quiet that Murson watched her for some days, thinking she was "shamming." But she seemed thoroughly conquered, and performed her duties with as few words as possible.

One morning in the fall of the year, before the war, the overseer did not make his appearance. Murson was notified, and went, alarmed, to the overseer's house. He was a bachelor, and occupied a little cottage some distance from the owner's mansion. The door was locked, as also the windows. On forcing an entrance, Murson found the overseer, a powerful man, lying undressed upon his bed, the marks of teeth upon his throat, his eyes wild and staring in death. A slip of paper was fastened to his cheek by a pin thrust into the flesh, on which was written 'KALA!'

A search had revealed the fact that Kala had fled, whither no one knew. How she had entered the overseer's house and overpowered him

no one could understand. A note, left upon the table, read thus: 'I go, to return—K.'

The negroes were terrified and Murson, glad as he would have been to be rid of Kala forever, saw that the only course to adopt, if he would reassure his slaves, and fit them again for labor was to capture 'Kala, the witch,' as they called her, and let them execute her.

In vain, however, were the swamps and hills scoured for miles around. No trace of Kala until one day, a negro woman, one who had witnessed Kala's punishment, came running wildly into the house, saying she had met the witch in the woods a mile away; that Kala had cursed her and all of the negroes who had clamored for her punishment, and, upon her replying to her in a spiteful manner, Kala had thrown her down and bitten her fearfully on her arm and neck, trying, the woman said, 'to take her life's blood.' The woman escaped, as Kala seemed to relent, telling her to say to her master, and to the other negroes that duty called and she was coming to them again.

Another vigorous hunt by the entire population of the place for the witch, was fruitless, and Murson again hoped that she had gone forever.

The next week the woman whom Kala had bitten grew delirious, and died, raving wildly about the witch, and the spell she had put upon her.

Then another was taken sick, a third, a fourth, until the negro quarters resembled a pest-house.

And all, before death, raved about the witch, until Murson believed, with them, that the spell of Feelah was upon them, through the skill of Kala.

The neighbors suggested that she had poisoned the well in the negro quarters. A trial was made upon some pigs and poultry. They were not injured by the water. Still the epidemic raged. The negroes had become utterly paralyzed with fear.

Murson was evidently a hard, cruel man; although the landlady did not state it exactly in these words. For the first week he was all anxiety to save his negroes—his property—he had nursed and cared for them. But soon the increasing numbers, and the certain death that followed each attack, disheartened him and he gave up in despair. His few neighbors, ignorant and superstitious became frightened, and avoided him. Half sick the doomed man sat brooding in the house alone, day after day, while the poor negroes were dying unattended. The few who were not cursed, fled in terror to the neighboring plantations, only to be hunted down and killed by the superstitious slaves among whom they sought refuge.

On the night of Friday, the first of December, the last negro died, and Murson took to his bed, half dead with fear and despondency. As he lay there sleepless, his memory brought up, in vivid pictures, the tragic scenes of the last year; how he had bought the beautiful slave cheaply, as he thought, but he knew now why so low a price had been asked; then arose the picture of the half-nude girl, dancing and playing before the skull in the room; then the discovery of him, and the quick leap and tigerish throttling; the whipping-post and her terrible threats; the mysterious death of the overseer; and then weak and faint from sickness and anxiety, he felt his nerves soothed by a faint perfume, an overpowering sensation of drowsiness crept over him, and he slept.

He was awakened by a terrible pain in his throat. The moon was shining brightly in at the window, and as he started he felt a heavy weight upon his chest, while he was nearly strangled by the pressure upon his neck. The witch was upon him, and had buried her sharp teeth in his throat. In his agony he threw her off. She sprang back, the blood streamed from his neck.

"I told you, said she, in an exultant voice—"I told you if you whipped me I would have your blood. Your overseer is dead; I killed him. Your slaves are dead; I bewitched them. Your animals will die. The curse of Feelah never fails! You repent now, do you?" for the man, half sick, half crazed, was sobbing and begging for his life. "You beg me to spare you? Listen. I will spare you for seven years, that you may pass through the horrors of the war that is coming; that you may see your property all swept away; that you may see the slaves set free, and those whom you have bought and sold like cattle become citizens with you, and rulers of the Southern land. I spare you that I may torture you as you have tortured others; that I may see you waste away by degrees, until old, poor, broken down in body and spirit, I will gather you for the hell of the great Feelah!"

Murson sat, during this terrible cursing, sobbing and begging for mercy in an imbecile manner. When she ceased, he looked up. She was gone. Her absence seemed to arouse him to his senses. Binding a handkerchief around his lacerated neck, he began hurriedly to dress himself. When smoke rapidly filled the room he rushed out half-dressed. The house and the negro quarters were in flames. With a wild cry of fear he fled, whither he knew not, nor paused to think; only caring to put all distance possible between himself and this dreadful scene.

He was found, continued the landlady, by the neighbors, who were gathered by the conflagration. He lay senseless on the ground, the cold air having checked the flow of blood from his neck. His horses, mules and cattle were all found dead next morning, killed by the curse, they all said, and Murson was homeless.

For some months he lived with his friends, and then joined the rebel forces, to divert his mind from the dreadful fear that constantly overpowered him.

But he saw her everywhere. On the battlefield she appeared before him, jeering and driving him to madness.

But, I think' said the woman, in conclusion, that she has left him now; and although the seven years period of which she spoke terminates to-night, if he can sleep quietly until morning, all will be over. Father Lenoir, the good priest of the church opposite, has exorcised and driven out the devil; and promises if he can pass this night peacefully, that the spell shall come no more.

"Go away! Help!" shouted the old man starting from his chair. "Oh God! She has come again!" And he put his hand to his neck. We were astounded for the blood was trickling down from half a dozen punctures, as of teeth marks. And as we stood, gazing speechless, there rang through the room an unearthly, fiendish, mocking laugh. We shuddered involuntarily as we heard these words, coming from the air alone, apparently, "Come to-night! Feelah waits!" Then all was still again.

It was well that the Judge and the Professor were cool men; otherwise, I hardly know what would have happened. Murson had swooned, and the landlady and myself were in nearly the same condition. My husband, to hide his own fears, began a philosophical discourse, tending to show the fallacies of supernatural things.

The girl was too much frightened to render any assistance to her mother. Accordingly I volunteered, and, with the help of the gentlemen, we disrobed Mr. Murson and put the poor old man in his bed. His room adjoined the one we sat in, and, as he was still half-insensible, the gentlemen relieved one another in chafing his limbs and applying restoratives to revive him. They finally succeeded, leaving him slumbering peacefully.

It was already nearly eleven o'clock, and yet no one seemed desirous of retiring for the night. We had become so interested in the woman's story, and the supernatural laugh and voice had so fully corroborated it, that each, without acknowledging it, was held by a magic spell to witness the denouement.

The Professor, as the hours wore on, became nervous. He had been suspected of a tendency toward Spiritualism, and had been swift to defend the followers of that belief; and now, as we sat waiting, he related numerous instances of marvelous appearances of spirits on earth, all of which we listened to with a morbid interest.

As midnight approached, the Judge proposed that we should examine Mr. Murson's bed-room, see that the window was fast, and that then he and the other gentlemen should mount guard for the night, while the landlady, her daughter, and myself should retire. To the first proposition we all agreed, to the latter we objected so decidedly that the Judge complied, and we all sat up.

The clock struck twelve. All was quiet in the old man's room, and the Judge gleefully suggested that the window fastening he had provided was too much for Kala, the she devil, or even for Feelah himself.

One o'clock passed. We were drowsily sitting before the fire. The door leading to Mr. Murson's room was open, and all was still within. The Judge again assured the landlady that his window fastening was too much for the African devil and all his imps, and proposed, the crisis being over, that we should retire.

My husband remarked that he knew it would terminate thus. Nothing of that kind could be true. It was ridiculous to suppose it could. Murson bit and scratched himself in his sleep. With this he rose, and, bidding the landlady good night, we all prepared to follow him.

The landlady entered Mr. Murson's room to see that all was quiet. A scream brought us back instantly.

Murson was dead. His eyes protruded from their sockets with a horrible, glassy stare: on his throat were the marks of teeth that had bitten half through; his neck and shirt front were covered with blood.

On his neck lay a piece of paper. When the Professor attempted to pick it up, it was found to be fastened with a pin, cruelly thrust through the check. On it were written these words:

"My duty is done! None have been forgotten KALA."

C. M. HASKINS.

[THE END.]

A GOOD WIFE.

"What a farmer needs in this world to be successful," remarked Deacon Hayseed, "is a good wife. Then he's all right. My wife could git up in the mornin' at 4 o'clock, milk fifteen cows, feed six horses, git breakfast for twenty hands, and be all ready for a day's work afore 6 o'clock. That's what I call a good wife."

"Doesn't she do it now, deacon?" he was asked.

"Oh, no," he replied, wiping away a tear, "she's dead."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The *N. D. C. Axe* is one of the brightest and interesting of our exchanges, and we cheerfully recommend it to our friends. A sample copy will be enough to satisfy any one that "you can't keep house without it." Published at 474 A, Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

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